

Time to refresh!

Spring is finally here and slowly we are beginning to come through the other side of lockdown. There is no denying that this past year has been challenging for everyone. But as a charity we also feel extremely blessed by the way in which communities, individuals and groups came together, to join forces for the greater good and together we have achieved so much more than would have done alone!

As a charity we continue to have the privilege of witnessing the way in which connecting two people, quite often from different generations, creates meaningful lasting be-friendships. So, when we hear comments like **“having someone to talk to is like a ray of sunshine in my life”** (scheme member) and **“to hear the joy in their voice makes the call so worth while”** it brings us joy as well!

We are working on safe ways to begin to socially connect our members and volunteers and we will share information about services and offers available to you as and when restrictions ease. In the meantime we are hopeful that this new season will be full of refreshment, renewal and regeneration.



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE !

Our Time to Talk Befriending community is important to us. Every aspect of our service has been in response to what older people and volunteers tell us is important to them. So, when we embarked on a journey to explore a possible rebrand of our name and logo we were encouraged to hear how much the name Time to Talk Befriending meant to people.

**Time to Talk
Befriending**
in the heart of the community

In the spirit of refreshment, renewal and regeneration we are therefore proud to present a refresh of our branding thanks to the expert design skills of one of our volunteer befrienders **Ellen Stewart**. Our website has also been upgraded and is looking amazing thanks to volunteer befriender **Paul Cooke** and his partner **Ben Parsons** from Design Kind.

Our new branding is very important to us as we transition from responding to the crisis to this new phase which we are calling Staying Together Recovering Together. We are motivated to help our scheme members and volunteers to feel part of a community which values them. We are proud to be supporting over 500 unique and special befriending matches at this time.

Although befriending has been mostly over the telephone for the past year, these calls have proven to create meaningful moments of connection between people who would never have the chance to meet otherwise. We therefore wanted a strapline which encompasses the importance of our relationship-centred work 'in the heart of the community'.

We hope you like it!

www.tttb.org.uk



STAYING TOGETHER RECOVERING TOGETHER Covid-19 Research Report

A huge thank you to everyone who contributed towards surveys in August and September 2020. We are very proud to announce that the academic report outlining these findings is now available thanks to a partnership with the University of Sussex. **If you would like a copy please contact one of the team via info@tttb.org.uk or call 01273 737710.**



SCHEME MEMBERS CORNER

CONVERSATIONS WITH FRIENDS

In February we started to run telephone groups for scheme members. The aim is to lightly facilitate conversations about signs of spring or the seasons, and lessons we have learnt this past year, through to allergies and animals, to what drink we enjoy mid morning. The aim is for peer friendships to form among our scheme members.

We would love for more scheme members to benefit from quality time getting to know one another. We will provide instructions about how you can join the group using your telephone.



The groups are currently being run monthly. Our facilitators are Charlotte and Paul whose photo we have included above (so you can put a face to the voice!).

If you are interested in finding out more please contact the team on **01273 737710**.

We would love to hear from you!



Good to Grow

Join the Brighton and Hove Food Partnership for a free, sociable gardening course at their hugely popular Demo garden in Preston Park. This 8-week course for older people gives the opportunity to help care for a beautiful garden, share a cuppa with others and get active outside. Participants must be aged 60+ and either living alone or living with a physical or mental health condition. Group members will need to have enough mobility to walk and stand unaided. **To find out more or express interest in attending, please call 01273 234810.**





At Home With the Seasons

We are currently working on a new resource called At Home With the Seasons, alongside Story Chaplain and Dementia Pathfinders, and would love to hear from you, scheme members and volunteers alike. We'd love to know how you mark the seasons either at home or very close to home.

We would love to gather as many examples as possible of what you love to do each season, or have loved to do throughout your life. Examples might include watching and feeding the birds, planting bulbs, growing veg, eating seasonal food, or looking out for the first blossom.

To find out more about the project and to share your examples, get in touch with Charlotte at charlotte@tttb.org.uk or give her a call on **07539 970600**.

Whistlestop Talks

From the comfort of your own home, those who are on line can be taken on an exciting tour of Sussex.

Would you like to explore the countryside and places of cultural interest, hearing from some interesting guests along the way?

Each episode is accompanied by a craft activity relating to the places we visit. The Talks are available to listen to for FREE, along with the craft resources, via the website www.whistlestoparts.org

This series of Talks covers:

Horsham Museum

Sussex Wildlife Trust -
Woods Mill, nr Henfield

Rudgwick Heritage Trail

Petworth Deer Park



Thank you!

A huge thanks from Emily our Founder and CEO to all the scheme members who have completed and sent back the surveys which we sent out in March. We are thankful to everyone for taking the time to feedback their thoughts which will help us to develop our group events as and when restrictions begin to ease and it is safe to meet together.

Some of the comments about our service and scheme members experiences of befriending were also truly heartwarming so thank you!



Message from our Founder and CEO, Emily Kenward

I wanted to send a personal note to all our volunteers within this newsletter. I wanted to thank you for being part of a community which truly values the importance of human connection. **You are making a difference even if you don't always know you are!** But don't just take my word for it. We hear wonderful feedback from our scheme members all the time so here is what Beryl said recently which I hope is an encouragement to you.



“I cannot believe how talking with a complete stranger can make me feel so much more fulfilled.”



VOLUNTEERS CORNER



VOLUNTEER PEER GROUPS

In response to surveys with our volunteers we are hosting a series of peer group meet ups throughout the year. Hosted by volunteer and friend of the charity Paul Marley these groups will be an opportunity to share experiences, stories and to undertake fun activities together.

If you are interested in attending please contact Chelsey via chelsey@tttb.org.uk or call 01273 737710.



Dementia Friends Badge

Have you completed the Dementia Friends Information Session with Time to Talk Befriending over the past year (as part of the Ingredients Cards workshop?) If so, and you would like a badge, we would be very happy to pop one in the post to you. **Just drop a line to chelsey@tttb.org.uk and confirm your postal address. People living with dementia and carers have said that they feel reassured and encouraged when they see people wearing the Dementia Friends forget-me-not badge.**



We are really pleased to include a piece that volunteer Claire wrote about her befriending experience. Sadly our scheme member Roger passed away recently so this article is being shared in honour of his memory.

My befriending experience by Claire Price.

I joined the Time to Talk Befriending team as a telephone befriender back in September 2020 through my workplace volunteering programme at American Express.

When I saw the email saying a local charity were looking for befrienders for older people, I knew straight away this was something I wanted to get involved in. I have a lot of time for anyone suffering loneliness and feel I have a real connection with the older generation. I have elderly grandmothers who I'm very close to and both live alone as my grandfathers have passed away.

I was paired up with a lovely gentleman called Roger. I was sent a bit of information about him first to see if we would be a good match and a number of things, I read seemed to be a coincidence! For example, he used to enjoy going to live shows and one of his favourite artists he saw live was Chris De Burgh at The Royal Albert Hall, whose song Lady in Red was number 1 when I was born. My middle name is Rosanna, named after the same as the artist's daughter, as my parents are also fans.

Another thing we had in common was that Roger also worked at Seaboard for over 30 years.

My Grandpa who passed away 10 years ago worked there for most of his life so I knew we would have some conversation starters.

Over the past few months, we've built a good rapport and from getting to know him, I've found out he loves BHAFC Brighton and Hove Albion, so we chat about the football on most calls as my family are lifelong Brighton fans too. I also discovered that he also used to live in Mile Oak which is where I grew up.

Roger has fed back that he enjoys our weekly calls and says it is lovely to have a conversation with someone as he can sometimes go for days without chatting to anyone. I certainly look forward to my chats with Roger too, we always have a really fun and interesting conversation.

Thanks
again to The
Time to Talk
Team for this
volunteering
opportunity!

99



A BEFRIENDING STORY

An overview of a befriending history by Barbara Thomas-Webb

The befriending match originated with Barbara's husband Rupert. He had multiple health issues, was housebound and prone to falls.

Somebody who was visiting the house asked Rupert, "would you like somebody to talk to who could offer companionship and social interaction?" Rupert replied, "no thank you I have Barbara". Barbara, who describes herself as being on her knees at that time after seven years caring for him, very quickly encouraged Rupert that this would be a good idea. Rupert then replied, "Yes, Barbara says I must!"

Barbara asked how the person would be chosen to visit Rupert and was told that he would be matched with somebody who had similar interests. It was only a couple of weeks or so when they received a telephone call asking if they would like to meet a volunteer befriender called Mike. Barbara was very surprised to learn that Mike was a member of Sussex County Cricket Club which matched perfectly with her husband who had played cricket for Sussex for over 10 years. Mike was introduced to Rupert and they found a lot to talk about with each other.

Mike and Rupert became good friends, much to Barbara's delight. The one hour per fortnight Mike was able to visit, gave her a moment of respite when she knew that Rupert would be well cared for and she could do essential shopping or errands without the worry of leaving Rupert at home alone.

Mike and his wife Ann became good friends of Barbara which continued after Rupert sadly passed away in August 2018. Their friendship continues to this day.

Mike's friendship with Rupert had been a lifeline at a time when it was most needed. Their continued friendship with Barbara has helped her to face life on her own and cushion the great loss she felt at losing Rupert, her partner of 34 years.

Barbara's story is not a dramatic story, but it tells of the strength drawn from feeling connected to people who care, helping you to feel valued in life and not forgotten.



Volunteer befriender Mike and his wife Ann

A Peck on the Cheek

By Joanna Harper

Joanna lives in Brighton and many of her short stories are inspired by the people she meets and everyday events happening around her.

“Didn’t know you were moving house,” Jackie said as she and Sheila snatched a quick coffee break between customers. “Your place looks good in the photos, and the garden with that patio makes it real posh.”

Sheila gave a little cough.

“No, we’re not selling, it must be a mistake,” she said but, even as she spoke the words, seeds of doubt started to enter her mind.

“Look, I’m sure it’s your bungalow, I recognise the garden chairs.”

Jackie handed her phone to Sheila who peered at it through her thick glasses and nodded.

She couldn’t believe he’d gone behind her back, after all they’d agreed. Fifteen years ago he’d sold their flat without consulting her, but he’d explained it was all part of a grand plan. Since then she’d put up with five moves over the years, so, when they bought their bungalow last year, she hoped they were here to stay.

Sheila left her unfinished coffee and went back into the shop. At last the final customer left and the manager locked the front doors. Sheila grabbed her handbag from the staffroom and cycled home.

Dave was standing in the middle of the garden surrounded by heaps of soil, wires and cardboard boxes.

“Hello love, you’re home early,” he said as he greeted her with a peck on the cheek. “This project’s coming along a treat. Just need to bury those wires and the pump and I can put everything back just as it was.”

The water feature was his anniversary present to her. Sheila had always wanted one and had been overjoyed when he brought back a huge box with all the necessary materials from a mysterious shopping trip. “Got friends in the right places,” he’d said as he touched the side of his nose with a smile.

She knew not to ask too many questions. Last year Dave proudly brought home a huge mahogany table with six carver chairs. Only problem was, he hadn’t measured the space in their tiny dining room and ended up sawing off the end of the table to fit it in. She had to cover the odd shape with a cloth.

Sheila hoped the new purchase would be the right size for their small garden and give it an air of peace and tranquillity. She'd read somewhere that a water feature provides visual stimulation and soothing sounds. But now there were other worries on her mind.

That night she tossed and turned. Had he sold the house already or had he changed his mind? As the light started to break, she made a plan and fell asleep despite the rumblings beside her.

"I'm meeting up with some old friends over the next week," Sheila said at breakfast next morning.

"That's nice, anyone I know?" Dave asked, biting into his toast.

"School chums. We think it's time to have a catch up," she said. "We'll probably have a cuppa after work."

Later that afternoon Sheila picked up the phone and managed to get through to three of her friends, much to her relief.

On Monday after work, she met Carol in Betsy's Tearoom. Carol always looked younger than her years but she did admit to having 'work' done regularly and had her own personal trainer who came to the house. Carol looked trim and tanned and her make-up was faultless. She was wearing a beautiful, lime-green, strapless

dress which probably cost a fortune. Sheila looked at her in admiration, then she asked a favour.

"So, all I have to do is to show interest in the bungalow? Oh, this is exciting, I love a bit of Am Dram!" Carol enthused.

On Wednesday she met Brenda on a bench in the park. Brenda's dog, Indi, was as lively as usual and pulled her this way and that as she tried to escape the lead.

"Indi just had her fifth litter and I think that'll be her last. She's done us proud, those pups sell for over £1,000 each these days," Brenda explained.

Her friend had trained dogs for the police and was a tough cookie but had a heart of gold.

"She's a lovely dog," Sheila said as she offered Indi a biscuit. Then she asked her favour.

"I see, yes, I'm sure I could do that, and bring Indi with me." Brenda agreed.

On Friday Sheila waited for Delia outside the charity shop where she was now the deputy manager.

"Congratulations m'dear, you've done really well," Sheila said. "Let me treat you to tea at Hector's."

"Ooh lovely, it's been a while since I've been there," Delia smiled and also agreed to play her part.

On Saturday morning, Dave woke Sheila with a cup of tea and announced he'd put the finishing touches to the project which had been hidden under a tarpaulin over the past week.

"Close your eyes and I'll lead you outside so you can see it in all its glory," he said excitedly.

He walked her carefully across the lawn in her nightgown and slippers. The cool air greeted her and she could hear the birds merrily chirping on the bush by the back door. There was also another noise, something she hadn't heard before.

"Ta Da!" and she opened her eyes. The garden looked neat but there, in the middle of the grass, was a huge golden statue of Cupid.

"What d'you think? Magnificent isn't he?" Dave babbled on with enthusiasm. "You said you liked that one at Hampton Court so when I was offered this, I jumped at the chance. We've got our own little palace garden now."

Sheila was speechless. Not only did Cupid dwarf his surroundings but he didn't seem able to do the job that a water feature should do, namely pass water. Instead of the gentle trickle of water hitting stones, the rumble of a straining pump was the dominant sound and it was just outside the bedroom window.

"It's a real surprise," she said brightly. "I never expected anything like this."

"Just got to sort out a few teething problems," Dave explained, "but we could have breakfast outside next to our new friend?"

On Monday Sheila stayed behind at work. Before she left the shop she texted Carol.

"Just got back, all went well," Carol replied.

The following day, Sheila stayed late at work and texted Brenda who replied straight away.

"Everything went according to plan, over and out."

Delia rang her the next day as she was leaving work.

"I went over yesterday. He had another prospective buyer just before me, a woman with a dog that starting digging up the plants."

Dave was whistling a merry tune as she got home. That evening, his phone was pinging with messages and calls. He disappeared into the garden or the conservatory whenever she was nearby.

"You're very popular this evening," she said as they watched old episodes of **Murder, She Wrote**, with supper on their laps.

“The lads want a meet up, you know what they’re like, can’t organise the proverbial whatsit.”

The next morning Dave was up early and waved Sheila off to work.

“Don’t rush back,” he shouted after her. “You could have a cuppa with Jackie after you finish.”

Jackie was keen to have a chat after work.

“I had a wonderful evening,” she said blushing. “He was a real gentleman and took me to that expensive restaurant in the high street,” and she launched into details of her latest conquest.

As Sheila arrived home, Dave was at the door.

“You’re home early,” he said.

“Jackie wasn’t feeling too well so I didn’t stay long,” she replied.

Dave looked uncomfortable and, when the phone rang, jumped up to answer it.

Sheila covered his dinner with a plate as he was still talking in the conservatory. He sounded surprised then annoyed but she couldn’t make out the words. Finally, Dave came back into the living room and plonked himself down on the sofa next to her.

“Sheila, I’ve got something to confess.”

He looked dreadful. His face was red and his hair was damp as if he’d been working out on his new weights.

“You did take your tablets today, didn’t you?” she asked, and regretted causing him stress as it wasn’t good for his heart.

Dave told her that his friend Bob had persuaded him to put the bungalow on the market.

“He said these places were going up in value – fast. I thought I could do it quietly and quickly so you wouldn’t have to worry. There was loads of interest and then three people came to view. I showed them round when you were out with your friends.

Anyway, these women were real time wasters. You wouldn’t believe what they wanted to do to our property.

One had ideas about breeding dogs, you know, building kennels in the garden! This is a residential area, I’m sure there are regulations or bye laws about that sort of thing.

Another crazy old girl wanted to sell junk and stuff from the house – imagine what the neighbours would say!

The last viewer wanted to build a gym in the garden. Worst of all, she said the water feature would have to go as it would spoil her 'ultra-mod' designer look!"

He paused for breath and took a sip of his beer. Sheila hid a smile as she pictured her friends playing their parts.

"I couldn't believe what these people would do to my house – our home. And their offers weren't anywhere near the asking price."

Dave looked at her, waiting for some response. Sheila didn't know whether to laugh or cry so she hugged him and closed her eyes.

"Why don't we stay here and you build that loft extension you've always wanted?" she asked.

He nodded and turned back to the computer screen to search the council website for planning permission forms.



PICKING DAISIES DOWN MEMORY LANE

By Margret Smith

In those days, there was no choice. As a ward of my grandparents, whilst my dad was in Holland with the Royal Air Force, liberating Europe in 1945, I was 14, and finished with the village school, where I had spent the last 18 months of my education, and was therefore now a 'worker'.

I had actually said I would like to be a children's nurse. My grandmother heard that.

A professional household in the nearest town needed a nursery maid for the two young children, following nanny leaving to get married.

The minister's wife supplied a reference, to state that to the best of her knowledge, I was a decent, good living girl, attended church, and was never let out of the house after school to get into mischief!

In a rural village in Norfolk, 70 odd years ago, I was packed off to be interviewed, and, lo and behold...

I was in charge of a 7 year old boy, a 3 year old girl, a nursery wing – yes, a large night nursery, *and* a day nursery... Just get on with it.

Once we got past the '*nanny didn't do that*' and '*nanny didn't say that*', we got on well together, my stock response being '*I'm not nanny.*'

It is difficult to pick out small incidents with too much explanation, but here goes.....



The house was large, built when the horse and carriage were in use, with stabling, and carriage houses etc in an enclosed high wall, and the nurseries overlooked the large cobbled yard. Owing to wartime rationing, the family had a pig under the care of the gardener.

The pig was housed in one of the stables. The children had a pet rabbit in a roomy hatch in the stable yard, standing against one wall.

On sunny days, the pig was released to wander around the yard. The scene is set.

One lovely spring morning, before the pig had grown obscenely fat, ready for it's demise, my little girl called in great excitement, to *look and see what the piggy was doing*.

The rather bewildered looking beast was wandering round the yard, with the hutch perched like a howdah on its back.

We had the grandstand view from the nursery windows, and it was a sight to make anyone laugh.

But of course, neither the pig not the rabbit were any too happy, so we had to ring the bell outside the kitchen door, and call the gardener to put matters right.

The little boy had been at school, and was quite miffed that his sister had such a tale to tell when he returned.

Where there are children, there are always tales to tell.

As it was for me

The Diaries of Chrissie and Ken Ingle (edited by Julsie) We continue with the writings of Ken.



Ken & Chrissie

So, I made my new friend at school, and for a short time I walked this girl home to Napier Street. I can see her mother now, much younger than my own, but also clad in the usual tabard apron.

Her mum stepped out of their open doorway on to the pavement, openly amused and kindly laughing at us. Making it obvious to the other neighbourhood women who were checking that their progeny had returned home, that she thought her daughter had chosen a funny one!

The girl lived about half a mile from where I lived, and I enjoyed my walk home. Trams ran up and down Cemetery Road, so I had to be careful crossing over. I was usually tentative and cautious, going home the way that I knew. Gradually I added other streets to my itinerary. Nobody ever questioned why I was where I was, nor did I. Although I was small, I belonged in those streets.

One day, going along Napier Street with the girls after school, a bunch of boys in front of us were making quite a din!

We gathered there was going to be a fight and we naturally stopped to look. The two small potential protagonists were arguing. Not about what caused them to fight, but about which of them had said that they should fight! The disagreement became so heated that they started pushing each other!

One had a blue sleeveless pullover over a whitish shirt. The other one an open jacket. As he got pushed the braces holding up his unmistakably too-large and hand-me-down short trousers, obviously hurt the other boy's hand. Things started to flare! The jacket came off. It was given to someone to hold. The other boy made sure his shirtsleeves were rolled up tight.

Two men came out through the wide, grey factory doorway, obviously attracted by the hubbub. The factory was the Sheffield Twist Drill, that I knew as Napier's. One man was going to stop the fight. The other said that they'd only go somewhere else. It was better to have it over and done with! So they put the two lads at arm's length, and one man said to be 'on with it'.



Images courtesy of
www.picturesheffield.com

Napier Street, Sheffield

Nothing happened! Then suddenly, one lad lashed out! He missed! The other hit back with a wild swing! The blue pullover lurched backwards, hands between his legs.

“Cor! He’s hit him in the stones!” said one of the men, picking the lad up and looking hard at the other.

The recovery was quick, but the fight was over! The two men went inside. Both lads collected their friends and everybody went their way. Whatever started all the fuss had already been forgotten!

My group walked on chatting.

I don’t ever remember being in a stand up fight. And I don’t think I was bullied much either.



In spite of my physical appearance, or because of it, I was used to fighting people who were bigger and stronger than me.

I had a temper easily quickened by insult, and so reacted quickly if anyone tried to push me around!

I had already learned whether I should hit first, or run, or hit and then run! I could move fast!



By Cecilia Abdeen

One night I had a dream. I was awoken suddenly, and I opened my eyes and sat up in my bed. In silence not a sound anywhere. In front of me was a big picture on the wall, a portrait of me looking very sad and reading a book. The painting was done by my niece Stella Keen, I had long brown hair then in the portrait with auburn streaks of hair showing in the front over my forehead, my hair being parted in the middle giving me a look of grandeur and style. As I was younger then my thoughts and my dreams looking into a wonderful future to explore my world, the mystery it held for me. No doubts or fears did I have to look forward into my future still sitting on the edge of my bed and gazing at the picture of myself. The tears in my eyes began to flow. I am now unable to explain my feelings and emotions here in this very silent room, it was I felt ME thinking back in time. Times of sadness, despair and sorrow throughout my life that mingled with much happiness and

joy too. Those days of happiness and joy intermingled throughout one's whole life as long as one lives on this planet.


The beautiful world of nature. You are given inner strength with every step you take with your eyes, your ears and your voice to guide you to face another year, another month until I pass away with my body and my soul.

ME still gazing at myself on the wall.

ME my travels abroad working taking with me only my big tin trunk filled up with all my worldly belongings. My garments to wear and precious small little items which need my care.

ME working in strange countries far from my homeland, my jobs in Italy, Birmingham, Bath and London and my marriage travelling to the Far East.

ME many heartbreaks on the way. My feelings and my sorrows I secretly experienced.



ME when performing on stage
in London as a singer and dancer
in three musicals in London
gave me so much confidence
about myself only suffering with
everything I did with an inferiority
complex. My dancing world for
me. My desires brought me inner
richness and the joy within me.
So happy was I then, so many years
now to fulfill my dream to dance
and act. I will carry out my dream
in silence until one day I pass away.

Now there is this terrible
coronavirus that has come into
our lives we fight each day to
survive. How will it kill us or make
our bodies. Maybe we will also die.
We look to the outside world, to
the earth and foundation and the
moving clouds in the sky. We want
all to survive.

Sad times coronavirus 19 not
a straight twinkle, no shining
brightness for us from the sky, just
a misty dust of woe that attacks
each one of us. Some of us will go.

We cry out to the world with
doubts and fear don't let it happen
to our loved ones, people we know.

We all feel so sad, we feel all locked
in. Just go out for one hour and we
are stuck in again.

We cannot work.

Thanks for the welfare state to help
us along. To keep us sane and safe
but for how long.

The hospitals are full, cannot take
you in.

Take courage get your own self well
on tablets and drink. And maybe a
small drop of brandy or gin.

Cecilia Abdeen
Scheme Member

This disclaimer informs readers that the views, thoughts,
and opinions expressed in the text belong solely to the
author and not to the Charity Time to Talk Befriending.

Spotlight on our partners



AGEING
WELL

If you are online and enjoy the company of others then the HOP50+ might well be for you! Not only are the team friendly, welcoming and fun, but they offer a range of activities to suit different interests and needs.

To find out more visit: impact-initiatives.org.uk/services/adults-and-older-people/hop50/



Sussex Indian Punjabi Society

Balbir Singh Gohler is the Chair of the Sussex Indian Punjabi Society and official Friend of the Charity. Recently Balbir became a volunteer befriender but during the Covid-19 pandemic, Balbir and the amazing network of people within the Sussex Indian Punjabi Society and other local BAME groups, joined with us to raise awareness about loneliness and how befriending can help to overcome these damaging feelings. In addition, the Sussex Indian Punjabi Society raised integral funds and awareness about our work at a special online concert for Diwali, so today we wanted to say a BIG thank you to our new partner and welcome to the volunteer team Balbir!

Other interesting connections



We recently met **Two Generations** who are pioneering intergenerational housing in the UK. We think the concept is interesting so are sharing further details here courtesy of **Priscilla Yeung** who we are delighted to welcome to the team as a volunteer befriender!

What is intergenerational homesharing?

In a homeshare, a younger person lives in the spare room in the home of an older person and offers friendship and practical support around the house.

There is no rent. Instead, the pair pays small monthly support fees to **Two Generations**, who are just a phone call away throughout the homesharing arrangement.

It is a win-win situation: the older person receives support and companionship, while the young person also enjoys an affordable home and friendship.

Two Generations have won awards for their homesharing work.

Two Generations perform a thorough vetting process, including legal checks, referencing and help matching householders with the most compatible homesharers.

Two Generations also mediate and help the pair agree on the support needed. This ranges from food shopping to helping with technology so older people can stay in touch with their family and friends online.

A friend, a housemate and a helping hand, human contact is essential for mental health, physical health and immunity.

Drop us an email:
contact@twogenerations.co.uk
to kickstart the conversation!
Or call us on 0333 344 7738



Anna Chaplaincy at Time to Talk Befriending

Our chaplaincy service is available to our scheme members who would like to benefit. We are affiliated with the Anna Chaplaincy Network who support hundreds of people to provide spiritual care in later life – a network we are pleased to be part of.

In March 2021 we welcomed Charlotte Evans to the core Chaplaincy team alongside Julie, and Emily. Some of you might already know Charlotte from the telephone groups or volunteer training.



Julie



Emily



Charlotte



Charlotte's story

For as long as I can remember I have enjoyed the company of elders. As a child I loved pottering at my grandparents' house after school, and as I grew into my teen years my Gran became my best friend. Through our friendship, I learnt that how we spend our days is how we spend our lives.

Whether we were at home having a cup of coffee and a piece of cake or pottering round to the local parade of shops, the time I spent with my Gran I count among my most precious, and our simple, everyday quality time together has certainly inspired and shaped what I do today, working alongside people living with dementia, carers, and people in their later years.

Gran was never one for the limelight, quietly supporting others from the sidelines. She was a committed letter writer, prayer warrior, phone friend, and encourager. And year after year, Gran would remember others before herself. She had a quiet, firm faith that persisted and persevered, even during the most challenging chapters of her life.

I am delighted to be joining the Anna Chaplaincy team at Time to Talk Befriending, and as I do, I'm reminded of Gran. I wonder what she would say about it, but mostly I wonder how I might follow in her footsteps, prayers, and truly cultivate a commitment to seeing others flourish during their later years.



In addition to Charlotte joining the team we are supported by a wonderful group of Chaplaincy Volunteer Befrienders who provide a listening ear, prayer and scriptures over the phone with chaplaincy scheme members.

We think that a poem Charlotte wrote about her experience of Anna Chaplains in practice is very fitting to share here as we thank the team for all they do to support our work:

Story sharers, and beacons of hope
Anna Chaplains are a lifeline, helping
people to cope

Denominations gather, differences melt
Virtual encouragements are tangibly felt

Lavender love through the letter box
We're thankful to posties, we think
they're the tops

Beads for Psalm 23 bracelets delivered
Take a moment to pause,
God's love considered

New ways to adapt, and fuelled by love
Like Noah once did, we send out a dove

We hope and pray for the flood to recede
We look up to the skies, God's promise
to receive

The story's not over, God's promise is true
His presence is with us, grey skies or blue

Anna Chaplains in sunshine or rain
Keep sharing the story, that God loves
folk the same

Going Above & Beyond

Have you heard about the Brighton & Hove Buses initiative to celebrate the people and organisations who go the extra mile to positively impact the lives of local people? The initiative is called Above & Beyond. After a call for nominations the Bus company has selected amazing local champions who make a difference every day to be featured on the side of their route 1 buses.

The inspiring community champions include Shilpi Chandra who is an active member of the Sussex Indian Punjabi Society – one of our partnerships that you read about on page 18. Shilpi and her daughter Kiara created the Bag of Kindness initiative, where people can donate a meal on their birthdays, anniversaries or special occasions. You'll find many more wonderful people's stories on their website such as the Brighton legends Tim and Wen Wei who set up Brighton Table Tennis Club...

And our very own Emily! It took some persuading for our Founder, Emily to agree to let us share this exciting news in our newsletter!

"Known for her 'smile as big as her heart'....Emily sends ripples of love and care into the community, She has been a lifeline for many, giving them a sense of purpose and a new zest for life. Emily is a Brighton treasure".



If you are online you can read more about Emily and the other brilliant community champions here: www.busesaboveandbeyond.co.uk

As well as spotting her face on a number 1 bus, anyone visiting the Queens Park duck pond will be able to sit on a bench dedicated in her name!



Emily maintains that everything she achieves is because the right people are placed alongside her at the right time. One part doesn't work without the other. **It's all about the teamwork!**



www.lotterygoodcauses.org.uk/news/blog/view/timetotalk





Final word

One of the things I love the most is being inspired and encouraged by others. I am truly thankful that we were never meant to live life alone (Genesis 1:28). We are built for connection and so I consider it one of my greatest privileges to be part of a community which celebrates the importance of relationships designed to build each other up, encourage one another and journey at certain points in our lives together.

It was Helen Keller who once said “Alone we can do so little; together we can do so much” which is a statement I wholeheartedly agree with! For those of you who haven’t heard of Helen Keller before she was an inspirational American author and educator who lived between 1880-1968. Helen achieved extraordinary things during her lifetime. All of which she did while living with sight and hearing impairments. If you have a chance to learn more about Helen Keller I would encourage you to do so because she truly was an influential figure from the 20th century.



Rightly so, we can do much more together... from the staff team who work hard behind the scenes to provide what we hope is a friendly and professional service, to our Trustees who govern the Charity and our volunteers who are kind and generous with their time. Partner organisations and consultants also add huge value to our work and our scheme members continue to be at the heart of the charity because it is their voice we want to continue to respond to. So as we come to the end of this edition of the newsletter I wanted to give thanks for the power of 'togetherness'. I am feeling hopeful about this new season of refreshment, renewal and regeneration as we recover from the impact of the past year and begin to make steps to connect with each other socially, once it is safe to do so.

Thinking of you all at this time.

Take care and keep in touch.

Many blessings Emily

Saying goodbye.

We wanted to take this chance to honour and remember those who have died over the last few months.

Rest in peace.

Jean Allen

Bill Dowling

Barry Paddington

Margaret (Maggie)
Burcham

Sheila Hill

Roger Redman

Nick Butler

Jean Jerries

Eugenie Simmons

Mary Connett

David Legg

Elizabeth Steidman

Albert Denyer

John Mytton

Patricia Stroud

We will remember you.

FOLLOW US ON SOCIAL MEDIA!



Instagram:
@tttbcharity



Twitter:
@tttbcharity



Facebook:
Time to Talk
Befriending/TTTB

Time to Talk
Befriending

in the heart of the community

Time to Talk Befriending, City Coast Centre,
North Street, Portslade, BN41 1DG

T: 01273 737710

E: info@tttb.org.uk

www.tttb.org.uk

Charity Incorporated Organisation Number: 1186555

Design: ellenstew-art.com